

ELEGY
ON
MAGGT JOHNSTON.

Who died Anno 1711.



ULD REEKT mourn in Sable Hue,
Let fourth of Tears dreep like May Dew,
To braw Tiponny bid Adieu,

Which we with Greet

Bended as fast as she cou'd brew,

But eh! she's dead:

To tell the Truth, now MAGGT dang,
Of Customers she had a Bang;
For Lairds and Souters a did gang,

To drink bedeen;

The Barn and Yard was aft sae Thrang

We took the Greet.

And there by Dizens we lay down,
Syne sweetly ca'd the Healths arown,
To bonny Lasses black or brown;

As we loo'd best.

In Bumpers we dull Cares did drown,

And took our Rest.

When

When in our Poutch we fand some Clinks,
And took a Turn o're *Bruntsfield* Links,
Aften, in *MAGG T's*, at Hy-jinks,

We guzled Scuds,
Till we cou'd scarce wi hale-out Drinks
Cast aff our Duds.

We drank and drew, and fill'd again,
O wow! but we were blyth and fain,
When ony had their Count mistain,

O it was nice,
To hear us a cry, Pike your Bain
And spell ye'r Dies.

Fou close we us'd to drink and rant,
Until we did baith glowre and gaunt,
And pish and spew, and yesk and maunt,

Right swash I trow,
Then of auld Stories we did cant,
Whan we were fou.

Whan we were weary'd at the Gouff,
Then *MAGG T JOHNSTON's* was our Houff,
Now a our Gamesters may sit douff,

Wi Hearts like Lead,
Death wi his Rung rax'd her a Youff,
And sae she died.



Maun

Maun we be forc'd thy Skill to tine,
 For which we will right fair repine?
 Or hast thou left to Bairns of thine,
The pauky Knack
 Of Brewing Ale amaisf like Wine,
That gar'd us crack?

Sae brawly did a Pease-scon Toast
 Biz i' the Queff, and flie the Frost,
 There we gat fou wi little Cost,
And muckle Speed;
 Now, wae-worth Death, our Sport's a loss,
Since MAGGY's dead.

Ae Simmer Night I was sae fou,
 Among the Riggs I gae'd to spew,
 Syndown on a green Bawk I trow,
I took a Nap,
 And sought a Night Balillilow,
As sound's a Tap.

And whan the Dawn begoud to glow,
 I hirs'd up my dizzy Pow,
 Frae 'mang the Corn like Wirry-kow,
Wi Bains sae fair,
 And ken'd nae mair, than if a Ew,
How I came there.

Some said it was the Pith of Broom,
 That she stow'd in her Masking-loom,
 Which in our Heads rais'd sic a Foom,
Or some wild Seed,
 Which aft the Chaping stoup did toom,
But fill'd our Head,

But now since 'tis sae that we must
 Not in the best Ale put our Trust ;
 But, whan we'er auld, return to Dust,
Without Remead,
 Why shou'd we tak it in disgust,
That MAGGY's dead?

Of warldly Comforts she was rife,
 And liv'd a lang and hearty Life,
 Right free of Care, or Toil, or Strife,
Till she was Stale,
 And ken'd to be a kanny Wife,
At brewing Ale.

Then farewell, *MAGGY*, douce and fell,
 Of Brewers a thou boor the Bell;
 Let a thy Gossies yelp and yell,
And without Feed,
 Guess whether ye're in Heaven or Hell,
They're sure ye're dead.

E P I T A P H.

O Rare MAGGY JOHNSTON,

ELEGY

O N

JOHN COWPER Kirk-
Treasurer's Man,

Anno 1714.

I Wairn ye a to greet and drone,
JOHN COWPER's dead, Ohon, Ohon!
To fill his Post alake there's none,

That with sic Speed,

Cou'd sa'r Sculdudry out like JOHN;

But now he's dead.

He was right necky in his Way,
And eydent baith be Night and Day,
He wi' the Lads his Part cou'd play,

Woen right sare flee'd,

He gart them good Bill-filler pay,

But now he's dead.

Of Whore-hunting he gat his Fill,
And made be't mony Pint and Gill;
Of his braw Post he thought nae Ill,

Nor did nae need,

Now they may mak a Kirk and Mill

O't, since he's dead.

Altho

Altho he was nae Man of Weir,
Yet mony a ane, wi quaking Fear,
Durst scarce afore his Face appear,

But hide their Head,

The wylie Carle he gather'd Geer,

And yet he's dead,

Ay now to some Part far awa,
Alas! he's gane and left it a;
May be to some sad Whilliwha

O' fremis Blood,

'Tis an ill Wind that dis nae blaw

Some Body good,

Fy upon Death, he was to blame,
To whirle **JOHN** to his lang Hame;
But tho his Arse be cauld, yet Fame,

Wi' Tout of Trumpet,

Shall tell how **COWPER's** awfou Name

Cou'd flie a Strumpet,

He kend the Bawds and Louns fou well,
And where they us'd to rant and reell,
He paukily on them cou'd steal,

And spoil their Sport,

Aft did they wih the muckle Deell

Might tak him for't.

But

But nee'r a ane of them he spar'd,
E'en tho there was a drunken Laird
To draw his Sword, and make a Faird

In their Defence;

JOHN quietly put them in the Guard

To learn mair Sense;

There maun they ly till sober grown,
The Lad nieft Day his Fault maun own;
And to keep a Things hush and lown

He minds the Poor;

Syne after a his Ready's floun,

He damns the Whores;

And she, poor Jade, withoutten Din,
Is sent to Leish Wynd Fit to spin,
With heavy Heart and Cleathing thin,

And bungry Wame;

And ilky Month a well paid Skin

To mak her tame;

But now they may scoure up and down,
And safely gang their Waks arown,
Spreading the Clap throw a the Town,

But Fear or Dread;

For that great Kow to Bawd and Loun

JOHN COWPER's dead.

Shame faw ye'r Chandler Chaffs, O Death!
 For flapping of *JOHN COWPER's* Breath;
 The Loss of him is publick Skaith,

I dare well say.

To quat the Grip he was right laith

This mony a Day.

P O S T S C R I P T.

OF Umquhile *JOHN* to lie or bann,
 - Shaws but ill Will, and looks right shan;
 But some tell odd Tales of the Man,

For Fifty Head

Can gi'e their Aith they've seen him gawn

Since he was dead.

Keek but up throw the *Stinking Style*,
 On *Sunday* Morning a wee While,
 At the Kirk Door out frae an Ille,

It will appear,

But tak good Tent ye dinna file

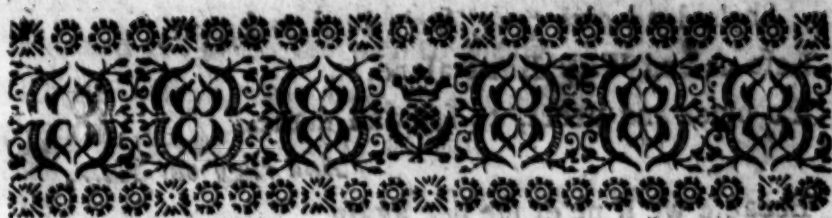
Ye'r Brecks for Fear.

For well we wat it is his Ghâist,
 Wow, wad some Fouk that can do't best
 Speak till't, and hear what it confest,

'Tis a good Deed

To send a wandering Saul to rest

Among the Dead.



ELEGY

ON

Lucky WOOD *in the* Can-
nongate,

May 1717:

O Cannigate, poor elritch Hole,
What Loss, what Crosses does thou thole?
London and Death gars thee look drole,

And hing thy Head,

Wow but thou has e'en a cauld Coal

To blaw indeed,

Hear me, ye Hills, and every Glen,
Ilk Craig, ilk Cleugh, and hollow Den,
And Echo shrill, that a may ken

The wae-fou Thud

Be rackless Death, wha came unsenn

To Lucky Wood.

She,

She's dead o're true, she's dead and gane,
Left us and Willy Burd alane,
To bleer and greet, to sob and mane,

And rugg our Hair,

Because we'll ne'er see her again

For evermair.

She gae'd as fast as a new Prin,
And kept her Houfie snod and been,
Her Penther glanc'd upo' your Een,

Like Siller Plate;

She was a donsie Wife and clean,

Without Debate.

It did ane good to see her Stools,
Boord, Fireside, and facing Tools;
Rax, Chandlers, Tangs, and Fire-Shools,

Basket wi Bread.

Poor Facers now may chew Pea-hools,

Since Lucky's dead.

She ne'er gae in a Lawin fause,
Nor Stoups a Froth aboon the Haufe,
Nor kept dow'd Tip within her Waus,

But reaming Swats;

She never ran sour Jute, because

It gee's the Batts.

She

She had the Gate sae well to please,
 With *gratis* Beef, dry Fish, or Cheese,
 Which kept our Purse aye at Ease,
And Health in Tist,
 And lent her fresh Nine gallon Trees
A hearty Lift.

She gae us aft hail Legs o' Lamb,
 And did nae hain her Mutton Ham,
 Than ay at Tule, when e'er we came,
A braw Goose Pye,
 And was nae that good Belly Bawm,
Nane dare deny.

The Writer Lads fow well may mind her,
 Furthy was she, her Luck design'd her
 Their common Mither, sure nane kinder
Ever brake Bread;
 She has na left her Maik behind her,
But now she's dead.

To the sma Hours we aft sat fill,
 Nick'd round our Toasts and Snishing-mill,
 Good Cakes we wanted ne'er at Will,
The best of Bread.
 Which aften cost us mony a Gill
To Aikenhead.

Cou'd our saut Tears like *Clyde* down rin,
And had we Cheeks like *Corra's* Lin,
That a the Warld might hear the Din

Rair frae ilk Head;

She was the Wale of a her Kin,

But now she's dead.

O Lucky *WOOD* 'tis hard to bear
The Loss; but Oh! we maun forbear:
Yet fall thy Memory be dear

While blooms a Tree,

And after Ages Bairns will spear

'Bout THEE and ME,

E P I T A P H.

Beneath this Sod
Lies Lucky *WOOD*,
Whom a Men might put Faith in;
Wha was na sweer,
While she winn'd here,
To gramm our Wames for naithing,



Lucky SPENCE'S

LAST

ADVICE.

*THree Times the CARLINE grain'd and rised,
Then frae the Cod her Pow she listid,
In bauldy Policy well giftid,*

*When she now faun
That Death na langer wad be shifted,
She thus began;*

*MY loving Lassies, I maun leave ye,
But dinna wi ye'r Greeting grieve me,
Nor wi your Draunts and Droning deave me,
But bring's a Gill;
For Faith, my Bairns, ye may believe me,
'Tis 'gainst my Will.*

*O black Ey'd Bess, and mim mou'd Meg,
O'er good to work or yet to beg,
Lay Sunkots up for a fair Leg,
For when ye fail,
Ye'r Face will not be worth a Feg,
Nor yet ye'r Tail.*

When

Whan e'er ye meet a Fool that's fow,
That ye're a Maiden gar him trow,
Seem nice; but stick to him like Glew,

*And whan set down,
Syn he'll sleep soun.*
Drive at the Jango till he spew,

When he's asleep, then dive and catch
His ready Cash, his Rings or Watch;
And gin he likes to light his March

*At your Spunk Box,
E'en take the Pox.*
Ne'er stand to let the fumbling Wretch

Cleek a ye can be Hook or Crook,
Ryp ilky Poutch frae Nook to Nook,
Be sure to truss his Pocket-book,

*Saxty Pund Scots
Lies great Bank notes.*
Is nae deaf Nits : In little Bouk

To get a Mense of whindging Fools,
That's frightened for Repenting-Stools,
Wha often, whan their Mettal cools,

*Turn sweer to pay,
Anither Day.*
Gar the Kirk-Boxie hale the Dools

But daut Red-Coats, and let them scoup
Free, for the Fou of cutty Stoup;
To gee them up ye need na houp

E'er so do well.
They'll rive your Brats and kick ye'r Doup,
And play the Deel.

There's ae fair Cross attends the Craft,
 That curst Correction-house, where aft
 Vild Hangy's Taz ye'r Riggins fast
Makes black and blae,
 Enough to pit a Body daft;
But what'll ye say.

Nane gathers Gear withoutten Care,
 Ilk Pleasure has of Pain a Skare,
 Suppose then they should tirl ye bare,
And gar ye fike,,
 E'en learn to thole; it's very fair
Ye're Nibour like.

Forby, my Looves, count upo' Losses,
 Ye'r Milkwhite Teeth, and Cheeks like Roses,
 Whan Jet-black Hair and Brigs of Noses
Faws down wi Dads,
 To keep your Hearts up 'neath sic Crosses,
Set up for Bauds.

Wi well crish'd Loofs I hae been canty;
 Whan e'er the Lads wad fain a faun t'ye,
 To try the auld Game Taunty Ranty,
Like Coosers keen,
 They took Advice of me your Aunty,
If ye were clean.

Then up I took my Siller Ca,
 And whistl'd benn whiles ane, whiles twa,
 Roun'd in his Lug that there was a
Poor Country Kate,
 As halefom as the Well of Spaw,
But unka blate!

Sae whan e'er Company came in,
 And were upo' a merry Pin,
 I slade away wi' little Din
And muckle Menjs,
 Left Conscience Judge, it was a ane,
To Lucky Spence.

My Bennison come on good Doers,
 Who spend their Cash on Bawds and Whores
 May they ne'er want the Wale of Cures
For a fair Snout,
 Foul fa' the Quacks that that Fire smoores,
And puss na out.

My Mallison light like Day
 On them that drinks, and dis na pay,
 But takes a Snack and rins away,
May't be their Hap
 Never to want a Gonorrhoea,
Or rotten Clap.

Last gie us in anither Gill,
 A Mutchken, Jo, let's tak our fill;
 Let Death syne registrate his Bill
whan I want Sense,
 I'll slip away with better Will,
Quo Lucky Spence.

